My riches to the earth from whence they came :
But my vnſpotted fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then :
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou proue proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.

Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aske aduice of any other thought,
But faithfulneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed :
I ſought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue, reſolue it you.

Sharpe phyſicke is the laſt; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countleſſe eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloud they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill :
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate :
You are a faire Vyoll, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at ſo harſh a chime :

Good

Good ſooth, I care not for
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, to
For that's an article within
As dangerous as the reſt :
Either expound now, or re
Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinn
T'would braid your ſelfe t
Who hath a booke of all
Hee's more ſecure to keep
For vice repeated, is like th
Blowes duſt in others eies,
And yet the end of all is bo
The breath is gone, and th
To ſtop the aire would hu
Copt hils toward heauen, t
By mans oppreſſion, and th
Kings are earths Gods : in
And if *Ioue* ſtray, who dar
It is enough you know, an
What being more knowne
All loue the wombe that t
Then giue my tongue like
Ant. Heauen that I had
But I will gloze with him.
Though by the tenour of
Your expoſition miſ-inter
We might proceed to cou
Yet hope, ſucceeding from
As your faire ſelfe, doth tu
Forty daies longer we do
If by which time our ſecre
This mercy ſhewes, wee'l
And vntill then, your enter
As doth befit our honour,

Per. How courteſie wo

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH